

The Love Story of Number Six.

In the Baptist Orphan Asylum of a small town in Vermont Lizzie Macready was known as No. 6. The name was particularly fitting for more reasons than one. Lizzie was the youngest child in a family of six. She was the sixth orphan who had been admitted to the institution in the sixth year of its establishment. Her father was a locomotive engineer on the Vermont Central Railway. Lizzie the youngest child, was 6 years old when he was killed in a collision, and brought home a corpse to his little ones. His eldest daughter had been keeping house since the death of her mother, and soon after her father's demise she married a section boss. The children were scattered among friends and relatives. The boys had found good homes and were all at work earning money. Lizzie was taken into the orphanage, of which her aunt, a kindly middle-aged woman, was matron.

Nobody objected to this arrangement, for Miss Sanders stood very high in the esteem of the townspeople who thought it but right that the youngest child of the dead engineer should be cared for at the expense of the county, since all the others had not become burdens on their charity.

Number Six grew up a likely girl amidst the orphans of the place, and now at the age of 16, she was quite a help to her aunt, who still continued in charge of the county's waifs. All who had been there when she was a toddler were gone. The girls had sought service with the townspeople, the boys were at work in the fields. Lizzie was taking upon her young shoulders the cross which burdened the white-haired woman who had been a mother to her.

At this time there was not an empty bed or cradle in the institution. An open winter, something unusual in the rigorous climate of the Vermont hills, had depopulated the firesides and filled the graveyard. For years there had not been infants in the home until this winter. Now there were two, a boy and a girl. The former was the son of the schoolmaster. The girl was a poor washerwoman's child. Bad, the male infant, was robust enough and thrived as successfully among strangers as he had in his mother's arms, but Bee, the washerwoman's infant daughter, needed a deal of attention. This little mite of humanity had been christened Beatrice, to the great astonishment of everybody. A washerwoman calling her child Beatrice, was an unheard of thing among the plain people of the Vermont hills. Maggie, Mary or Annie, wagged the gossips, would have been more suitable.

Mrs. Rossiter, the mother of little Beatrice, came to the Green Mountain town when her child was not quite a year old. She wore widow's weeds and informed those who asked after her antecedents that her husband had died a short time ago, leaving her in poverty. He had been a good man, she explained, but a year's sickness had eaten up their little savings.

This was in the summer of the year, and a few days before Christmas the mother was called away from little Bee, before she could indicate what she wanted done with her child. After the burial of Mrs. Rossiter, the baby was taken to the orphanage and placed in charge of Miss Sanders. From the first Lizzie Macready—Number Six—took a violent fancy to the little one. Bee got all the coddling and fondling. She was quite a wee thing; so delicate and frail. Big blue eyes gazed wistfully out of a thin, pale face, and there was a sad droop to the baby mouth, as if the child realized its forlorn condition.

For a time after Mrs. Rossiter's coming to Water Hollow, the gossips indulged in talk about the legitimacy of little Bee. All doubts were set aside, however, when the Public Administrator found in an old tin box among Mrs. Rossiter's effects two marriage certificates. One, the latest, pronounced her the wife of James Rossiter, whom she had wed six years before the baby was born. The other was ten years older. It had been issued by a minister in a small town of New York and by it the woman had become the wife of a man named Correll.

This was news, indeed, to the denizens of Water Hollow, and they at once speculated what had become of her first husband. By the time they had found something else to talk about Baby Bee was forgotten, so far as they were concerned.

Slowly the little girl grew, tenderly cared for by Number Six, who had become deeply attached to her, and could not endure to have her out of her sight. Several opportunities presented themselves for Bee's adoption, but Lizzie Macready objected. She could not bear to think of a separation from the little wait whose life, like hers, seemed cast in lonely paths. There came a time when even Lizzie could no longer expect to retain control of Bee Rossiter. A childless couple had come to summer at a neighboring resort in the Green Mountains, and while on their journey visited the orphanage. They had long ago decided to adopt a child, and a glance at little Bee satisfied them that she was just what they wanted. The bargain was made and it was agreed that Bee should be sent to them a few days before their summer sojourn came to an end.

From that time on Number Six was a changed being. She pined and fretted, as the day drew near that would separate her from the little girl, and Aunt Sanders was more than once compelled to call in the house physician to administer to her niece.

The girl, who had tasted all the bitterness of an orphaned life, clung to the motherless child with all the vehemency of a first love. Night and day she prayed that something might intercede to let her keep the girl a little longer.

And the unexpected happened. A stranger alighted one day from the single

horse fly, which plied between the railway station and the best hotel in town. He was a handsome, prosperous looking man. His clothes and the alligator bag indicated that. He asked for the best room in the house and paid for it in advance. The morning after his arrival he set out for the parsonage, and through the volubility of the minister's housekeeper, it soon leaked out that he had come to inquire about Mrs. Rossiter. The parson took him first to the graveyard and showed him the mound beneath which the old washerwoman lay buried. Then he accompanied him to the orphanage to see little Bee.

Lizzie Macready was busy at a window when the stranger and the parson walked up the gravel path. The bronzed face of the former was aglow with excitement. Lizzie had never seen a more pleasing face, she thought. It was a good, honest face, too, and when a moment later he requested her to bring little Bee to the reception-room, her heart throbbed wildly. Perhaps her prayer had been heard!

The woman and the child entered the room, and the stranger came forward to meet them. He caught the little girl in his arms and kissed her. Bee, who had never before been caressed by a man, wound her arms round his neck and laid her head on his shoulder. A good omen, thought Lizzie, and confidently shook the stranger's hand. The minister introduced the visitor as Mr. Correll, little Bee's half-brother. His father, a wild, reckless fellow, had left his wife. He had taken her child, a boy, with him. The boy was the man, who now stood before them. They had drifted to the mining camps of Colorado and the Corrells had amassed riches. A few months ago he died, leaving everything to his son and imploring him to find his mother. This the son did. He had learned of his mother's divorce and marriage to Rossiter, and of the birth of a baby girl. The trail led to the little mountain town in Vermont, and here he found one in her grave, the other a public charge in an orphanage. Now he would take her away with him and spend his riches upon her. In a day or two he would be ready to depart.

Lizzie Macready grew pale as death, when he announced his intention. The child, still nestling in his arms, held out her hand to her foster mother.

'Dear Number Six,' she cried, 'I can never leave you!'

Sweet blushes crept in the girl's cheek at this avowal of affection on the part of the child. The stranger stopped and kissed her hand.

'How can I ever thank you for what you have done for her!'

For days Mr. Correll, the rich young miner, lingered in the little mountain town. Again the gossips got together, wondering what kept him in a place so devoid of attraction to people with money. There was nothing in the way of little Bee's departure. Surely that foolish young woman, Lizzie Macready, would not again interpose silly objections.

Every day the stranger went to the orphanage to spend hours with his little sister and her beloved Number Six, for he insisted that Lizzie Macready should accompany her charge on all their strolls through the garden.

At last he informed the landlord of the little hotel that he would depart the next day. He ordered a four-seat carriage instead of a single fly to take him to the station.

'I am not going alone this time,' he said with a happy smile.

'Going to take the little girl with you. I see,' answered the landlord, saying to himself that there would be one less for the country to feed.

'Yes, and a wife! continued Correll. 'A wife?' gasped the innkeeper. 'Where did you get her?' Over at the orphanage, I am going to be married in the morning to Lizzie Macready—Number Six—you know?—St. Louis Republic.

YOU NEED THE BEST.

The Diamond Dyes Color All Classes of Goods.

Diamond Dyes, as far as general usefulness is concerned, are far ahead of all the adulterated package and soap grease dyes now before the public. These crude package dyes and soap grease mixtures are very limited in their powers. 'Tis true, they give a semblance of color to thin and flimsy fabrics, but when tried on good dress materials and heavier goods such as flannels, worsteds, tweeds and cloths, they are simply worthless.

The Diamond Dyes, owing to their great powers of penetration, their perfect solidity and depth of shade, their purity and brilliancy, are adapted for all classes of goods from the thinnest gauze to the heaviest tweeds. This great range of work, possible only to the Diamond Dyes, is what has made them so popular all over the world.

If you would do your own dyeing work in proper style, use the Diamond Dyes. Avoid all imitation package and soap preparations. The Diamond Dyes are first and best for home use.

Thousands Spent on Cycle Parades.

'A theatrical manager told me last year that if he had to get up a procession similar to ours it would cost him thousands of pounds for dress alone,' remarked a gentleman on the committee of a large cycle parade. 'I have no doubt it would. We have about 1,500 riders who each spend anything on dress, from a few shillings up to £10 or £15. In our last parade we had a lady whose dress, with the electric light arrangement attached, must have cost at least the latter sum. Considerably more, of course, is spent on tableaux. Now suppose that the average amount spent per head on costumes is £2. There you get a total expenditure, for our carnival alone, of about £3,000 for dress. Large as this

sum is, it would be considerably larger if carnival committees would lend themselves to advertising. This sort of thing has been attempted. A cycling firm once attempted to get publicity by sending a float, made up of machines, and with their name on the sides. It must have cost them a lot of money, fully £20. The riders would, in ordinary circumstances, have got the first prize. As it was, they were passed over. There was a distinct notice in the programme.

'No advertisements allowed in the procession, and accordingly this turn-out was disqualified. However, if advertising were allowed a huge sum would be spent altogether on cycling carnivals.'

HEART SIGNALS.

Quick as a Flash They Appear, but Just as Quickly will They Vanish Under the Healing Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

When the breath is short—when you tire easily—when there is palpitation—when there is smothering sensation—and dropsical tendency—all these indicate heart weakness, and are the danger signals if you procrastinate. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is saving lives which in many cases have been proclaimed by eminent physicians as beyond hope. It will relieve most acute cases in thirty minutes, and patience and the remedy will cure any case of heart trouble in existence.

A Young Writer.

Six year old Paul Harper is the youngest historian yet heard from on the war from Spain. He expresses himself in the Evanston index: This war is prty sirius, and this is why it is; at first the Spanish used bad words about Mr. Kinerly, and the next sirius thing was the Main, and I wisht I could a seen that explotion. And then the starving Cubins are prty sirius to. And now we have begun the war and many comrades will be dead. Phraps they wont be a man left in town, and many a muther will morn for her husband. They will lay dead on the battlefield, and there stand their muthers weeping for their husbands. They take the wounded to the hospitals and the dead to their graves, and meny spanish ships will sink and we will fite on land and on sea and our flag waves over the Filuopens ilends this day.



Richibucto, Sept. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. John Curwin, a son.
Sydney, Aug. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Leslie, a son.
Halifax, Aug. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brown, a son.
Dartmouth, Sept. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Warner, a daughter.
Windsor, N. S. Sept. 4, to Dr. and Mrs. Bret Black, a son.
Sydney, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Prowse, a son.
Parrsboro, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jackson, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brackett, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Southall, a daughter.
Lewisville, Sept. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Watts, a daughter.
Richibucto, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. John McLean, a daughter.
Falmouth, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lunn, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald, a daughter.
Wentworth, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Hatfield, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. McFarlane, a son.
East Rawdon, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Crowe, a son.
Parrsboro, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Sept. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. E. Kenny, a daughter.
Upper Granville, Sept. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson, a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 3, to Capt. and Mrs. G. W. Stallard, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Aug. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Burpee Marshall, a daughter.
Oswald Mountain, Aug. 26, to Mr. and Timothy Whidden, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Sept. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Sept. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. J. D'Entremont, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, Sept. 6, L. J. Walker to Alberta K. Hanson.
Calgary, N. W. T., Aug. 16, R. S. Chipman to Isabel Hastie.
New Ross, Aug. 30, by Rev. Fr. O'Sullivan, Martin Boyle to Lucy Hatt.
Westville, Aug. 30, by Rev. R. Cumming, John T. Morrison to Jane Dickson.
Weymouth, Sept. 7, by Rev. Mr. Harris, Sydney L. Killam to Hope Johnstone.
Halifax, Sept. 1, by Rev. T. Fowler, James M. Scott to Ella M. McLeod.
Truro, Aug. 31, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Lyman W. Cox to Lizzie G. Schaffer.
Barrington, Aug. 27, by Rev. J. Coffin, Geo. A. Crowell to Eugene Christie.
Windsor, Sept. 8, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, James McDonald to Ella M. Aker.

In Every House

there is some article of furniture that would be improved with a coat of

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS ENAMEL PAINT

It gives a bright lustre to anything upon which it is used. Fourteen beautiful tints and shades. See color card. It's economical. It will save the old rocker that would otherwise be thrown away as unsightly. Put up in small packages. Ask your dealer for it. A book on paints free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS.

100 Canal St., Cleveland. 2529 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 337 Washington St., New York. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—
Fredericton.
(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Stmr. Oliveette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 8 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indiantown,

Monday at 5:30 a. m.

Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.

Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.

Thursday at 3:30 p. m.

Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton,

Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.

Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.

Thursday at 3:00 a. m.

Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

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